

THE PRIZES OF LIFE.

MANY OF THEM ARE WORTHILY AWARDED TO THE STUDENT.

But Diplomas Have Been Won by Those Who Do Not Graduate from School or College—A Few Notable Examples of Recent Date.

Graduate. The transitive form of this verb has the following dictionary definition among others: "To admit to an honorable standing." So when the bright young man or woman of today completes a school or college course creditably, and some cloudless June



SERGEANT BOBILLOT.

afternoon leaves the rostrum amid a shower of bouquets and with diploma in hand, he or she has a right to feel that honest endeavor has met with well earned recognition, and that the parchment, pompously phrased and numerously signed by the president and professors of the institute of learning, is of value chiefly as recording the fact that work of a certain nature has been done in a manner advantageous to the student and satisfactory to the preceptor.

But in the ordinary acceptance of the term a large number of people never graduate. That is, they take no scholastic degree, not because of lack of inclination so much as lack of opportunity. Yet life graduates them, or sometimes death, in the broad meaning of the definition "to admit to an honorable standing." Who, for instance, could ask a grander diploma than that awarded to Jean Bobillot, soldier of France, hero of Tonquin, who died on the field of honor, and by the sacrifice of his life in firing a countermine secured the safety of a thousand leagured comrades.

The torn and mangled corpse of the young brave rests beneath the sod of a foreign land, but at the capital of the re-



DEFENDING HIS CAPTAIN.

public he loved and for which he fought stands a statue of the gallant sergeant as a perpetual reminder of the fact that France honors those who fall in her service. Bobillot is depicted as leading a forlorn hope, an act of heroism which brought him the cross of the Legion of Honor. The cross arrived after his later and fatal deed of daring and was placed upon his heart when the torn form of the gallant youth was laid to rest.

Courageous as Bobillot but more fortunate in the event was Steven O'Connor, a native of New York and a resident of Rockford, Ill., who entered the regular army before the war and fought through the great struggle as a private. He won his diploma in a peculiarly gallant manner by saving the life of his captain on the field of battle in the last year of the contest between the sections. It did not take the form of a degree of master of arts, but that of a second lieutenant's commission, and O'Connor in a higher rank still enjoys the honors gained by daring.

But "success has its victories as well as war." And commencement day comes as well to the enduring civilian as to the undaunted soldier. With sorrow and ad-



DIED WHILE ON DUTY.

miration I recall the story of Willis Apthorpe's self sacrifice. He was an obscure but ambitious telegraph operator, stationed at Water Valley, Miss. When the yellow fever desolated the southern country some twelve years ago he stuck to his post while others fled.

He nursed the sick, he buried the dead, he gave courage to the living. Night and day he toiled, one hour at the key, another at the bedside of the suffering. The Chicago Times asked him for daily reports, and no more pathetic

stories of endurance ever fled northward along the willing wires than those he sent. One day he telegraphed Managing Editor Dennett: "If I live through this may I have a place on 'The Times'?" Promptly the answer went back: "Certainly. Your splendid work warrants me in offering you a position. Come here whenever you can."

Next night there was no bulletin from Water Valley. Instead came a brief message to the editor signed by Mrs. Apthorpe, "Have just found Willis lying dead on the floor of the office." Overwork, devotion to duty and mysterious surroundings had done their work and at the moment his future was assured and a field for his ambition lay displayed before him the modest, self-sacrificing young southerner was called hence to receive from a higher power the diploma he had earned on earth.

So life's lesson must be learned and life's honors gained—sometimes in the class room where no dangers lurk greater than those connected with the wrong demonstration of a problem or the faulty construction of a sentence, and sometimes in stern combat with a visible foe or with unseen but equally deadly disease. All honor to the student who like Solomon seeks wisdom, but let us keep as well in memory the ones who have graduated on other fields than those of learning.

Mid heat and storm and battle cries They heavily sought to carve their way; They fought, and fairly gained the prize That marks manhood's commencement day.

For them no broad and lettered scroll That tells of bookish triumphs won. They found where war's deep thunders roll The gaudion of their duty done.

Or else in swamps by fever swept They grappled with an unseen foe; And by the sick bed vigil kept Until the summons came to go.

No roses of the June time bloomed Beside the ghastly paths they trod; They walked, serene, sublime, yet doomed, Along the appointed ways of God.

FRED C. DAYTON.

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

The Handsome Present Made Mrs. Harrison by Friends.



MRS. HARRISON'S COTTAGE.

President and Mrs. Harrison now know where they will spend the summer. They passed the heated term of last year in Postmaster General Wanamaker's cottage at Cape May Point. A few days ago the place was purchased by some of the president's admirers and conveyed by deed of gift to Mrs. Harrison.

Cape May Point is to the southwest of Cape May. It is a borough of some sixty inhabitants in winter, and of about 8,000 in summer.

The cottage is a large, handsome and convenient structure, three stories high. On the main floor is the immense hall-way, with a handsome parlor to the east and a spacious dining room to the west. The upper stories are conveniently arranged, with doorways leading to the second story veranda, which encircles the entire building. The house is very cool in summer, being almost on the point of the cape, and so situated as to get sea breezes from three out of the four principal directions of the wind. A splendid view of the ocean is to be had, for there is nothing but the beach boulevard and strand between the cottage and the water's edge.

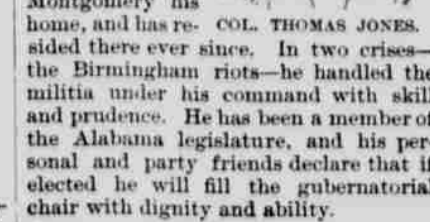
The lawns are kept in elegant condition, and are only divided from the streets by a one foot high brick wall, capped with polished flagstone. Cape May Point was founded in 1876 by a party of prominent Philadelphians, who were regular summer guests of Cape May. There is a natural hard ocean sand drive of three miles, stretching from Cape May to Cape May Point, which is crowded every summer afternoon with the wealthy of the big cities in handsome turnouts drawn by thoroughbred steeds.

NAMED FOR GOVERNOR.

Col. Thomas Jones the Nominee of Alabama Democrats.

As Alabama is not a "close" state politically it is altogether probable that Col. Thomas Jones, of Montgomery, who recently received the Democratic nomination for governor, will be the next chief executive of the commonwealth.

Col. Jones is a native of Georgia. At the outbreak of the civil war he entered the southern army as a member of the staff of Gen. Gordon, and remained in active service until the declaration of peace. Then he made Montgomery his home, and has resided there ever since. In two crises—the Birmingham riots—he handled the militia under his command with skill and prudence. He has been a member of the Alabama legislature, and his personal and party friends declare that if elected he will fill the gubernatorial chair with dignity and ability.



COL. THOMAS JONES.

The pearls found in western rivers are often of peculiar formation. One recently taken from a Wisconsin stream is oddly shaped and speckled. A New York manufacturer, who purchased it, for some weeks puzzled his inventive mind as to the best manner to mount it, and at last decided on forming it into a crab with gold extremities and two small, fancy colored pearls for eyes. The ornament is set as a lace pin.

TWO GIGANTIC TREES.

PROBABLY THE LARGEST ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

They are Found in the Yosemite Valley. Fire Has at Some Time Nearly Destroyed Their Life—A Description of the Tree Called "Old Sequoia."

The tree referred to is one of a small sequoia group known as the Tuolumne grove, situated seven miles beyond "Crocker's" and seventeen miles from Yosemite valley. This group of trees is about 5,300 feet above the sea level, and contains between 50 and 75 individuals of the "big tree" type, some of which are most noble specimens of the genus. It is very strangely diversified between bound and perfect specimens and others almost completely destroyed by some long past and tremendous forest conflagration. Fortunately some of the largest and oldest members of this family group were entirely overlooked by the flames, and they remain, as far as fire is concerned, perfect trees. One, the "Living Giant," is especially worthy of mention. This tree is about 310 feet high, of which at least 225 feet of its massive trunk is without a branch and scarcely with an excrescence to mar its symmetrical beauty. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and is the most completely faultless specimen of the old and giant sequoia that I have ever seen. "Old Sequoia," the biggest tree in the state, lies about 200 yards down a sloping hill to the southwest of this tree, the "Living Giant." The Yosemite stage road here passes directly under the high up and overhanging branches of the "Living Giant." The local and distinguishing name of this stage turnpike from the others leading into Yosemite is the "Big Oak Flat Road," so named from having its early initial point at Big Oak Flat, famous at first as a very rich placer mining camp and forever now as Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp."

A TREE 5,000 YEARS OLD.

The history of the rise and fall of this veritable monarch of sequoiadom is as plainly written upon its remains and its surroundings as though it had been commemorated upon an everlasting tablet. Of course its age is only conjectured. If reliance can be placed upon the consecutive yearly ring theory, there must have been enough of them about the greatest girth of this venerable behemoth to have made it some 5,000 years old. To judge by the exceeding symmetry of the best preserved members remaining of this Tuolumne grove, "Old Sequoia" must have been a wonderfully beautiful tree, considering its immense size. It also may have been close on to 500 feet high.

I say may have been, because the sequoia is very disappointing regarding altitude, it being the rule for the species to grow to an average altitude of 200 feet, or some over in the larger specimens, without putting forth any large branches, thus preserving a comparative evenness of diameter and bulk for that distance, then to suddenly put out a multitude of large boughs, which rapidly diminish the balance of the shaft, which then tapers suddenly to a point resembling nothing so much as a freshly sharpened lead pencil, excepting for its branches.

These causes might have made "Old Sequoia" but little taller than his neighbors, say 350 feet. The violence of the winter storms is also greatly liable to break off the brittle and attenuated tops, with their great weight of foliage, if they reach up much above the general level of the surrounding forest. Still the wood here is altogether so dense, and the entire grove occupies so sheltered a position, that it is possible this tree may have enjoyed an altitude commensurate with its enormous bulk.

HOW THE GIANT LOOKS.

The tree "Old Sequoia" is but a blackened and charred stump on two of its sides, and when within 100 feet of its roots, one feels vexed within himself for having been foolish enough to tramp out of his way for such a disappointing result. Still, curiosity will impel him to keep on until he is within a few feet of the remains of this once greatest of all sequoia monsters. At a distance of some 30 feet from its roots the remaining immensity of this tree begins to force itself upon the perceptions of the beholder, and when one has reached its very base and partly circled it, curiosity is changed to wonder, and, upon beholding the burnt cavity within its roots, wonder to awe.

The tree is best approached from the east. One crosses a little brook and immediately stands upon a shattered and partially burned mass from the great tree itself. This piece is some 12 feet wide, 30 feet long and 7 feet thick, and is distant from the remaining main body of the tree fully 300 feet.

Great fragments of charred wood still extend into the undergrowth behind us, upon the east side of the brook, to the west bank of which we have just crossed. Fragments which fell from the tree during the conflagration, of immense size, lie piled upon each other in a solid mass, extending from the piece upon which we stand to almost the very base of the remaining portion. Of this remaining part, directly in front of us, is a living mass, appearing from our standpoint like a stub broken off at about midway its height. The piece is, measuring from its extreme edges at about 6 inches above the ground, 40 feet in diameter. The whole remaining circuit of the tree is 121 feet. The largest remaining portion at which we are gazing is then 41 feet in diameter and about 165 feet high. Its bark is as fresh and glistening in the sun as that of any of its uninjured and living neighbors.

The vitality of this remaining portion of this tree is attested by the presence within some 20 feet of its shattered top of one living branch of four feet or more in diameter, bearing a thick mass of brilliantly vivid green foliage. No other branches living are left upon it, and only two or three charred remnants of branches have been spared by the fire.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A HOUSE ON A HILL TOP.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS' MAGNIFICENT HOME IN WEST VIRGINIA.

When Completed It Will Be One of the Handsomest Country Residences in the Land—Neighbors on the Heights Nearly—Superb Scenery.

[Copyright by American Press Assoc. (Inc.)] On the southern slopes of the Alleghenies overlooking the historic Tygart valley, and right in the midst of a wealth of superb mountain scenery, Hon. Stephen B. Elkins is erecting for himself one of the finest country residences in the entire south. It is located at the terminus of the West Virginia Central road in a small town named after himself in Randolph county, W. Va. It stands on the summit of a steep hill rising some five hundred feet above the valley of the Tygart, wherein the town of Elkins lies. On the right are three similar hills, the first of which is to be occupied by a magnificent house to be built by ex-Senator Davis, father-in-law of Mr. Elkins; the next will be built upon by Hon. J. C. Campbell, the present governor of Ohio, an intimate friend of the Davis and Elkins families; and the one on the extreme right is being prepared for the erection upon it of a fine summer residence for Hon. R. C. Kerens, of St. Louis, who has an extensive interest in the many enterprises of Messrs. Elkins and Davis. These four hills form the northern boundary of the Tygart valley.



WEST VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

[From a photograph taken especially for this publication.] Occupied by a magnificent house to be built by ex-Senator Davis, father-in-law of Mr. Elkins; the next will be built upon by Hon. J. C. Campbell, the present governor of Ohio, an intimate friend of the Davis and Elkins families; and the one on the extreme right is being prepared for the erection upon it of a fine summer residence for Hon. R. C. Kerens, of St. Louis, who has an extensive interest in the many enterprises of Messrs. Elkins and Davis. These four hills form the northern boundary of the Tygart valley.

Through the southern end of this flows the Tygart river, a broad, handsome and navigable stream. Tall mountains, clothed to their summits with a luxuriant growth of forest trees, hem in the valley on all sides. At present the nearby town of Elkins consists of some five or six hundred people and the houses are of the primitive frontier style, built of rough boards and the interiors decorated by large sheets of coarse brown wrapping paper tacked on the walls.

Mr. Elkins' house is reached by a long carriage drive from the station along the principal avenue of the town and through an ornamental park which is being laid out on the slope of the hill upon which the mansion stands. The building itself looks at a distance not unlike an old baronial castle, with ramparts and towers and gables. A closer inspection, however, reveals a house of the most modern pattern. The ramparts resolve themselves into a wide gallery or porch floor and the towers into ornamental additions to large and spacious rooms. It is an extensive three storied structure occupying a space 100 feet wide by 150 feet long, exclusive of the kitchen extension on the left. The whole house, inside and out, with the exception of the Vermont slate on the roofs, is built of material obtained in the immediate neighborhood.

The basement is of stone procured from the Cheat river quarries; the first story is of clapboards and the second and third of round and square shingles dipped in creosote and arranged in alternating rows. The south front, which faces the valley, has a large round bay window on the left corner with a cone shaped roof relieved by small dormer windows. In the center is a round tower with a flat palisaded roof reached by a spiral staircase whose doorway is in a little extinguisher shaped turret. A fine view of the valley and surrounding mountains can be obtained from this point. The back entrance to the building is at the base of this tower. On the extreme right is the kitchen extension, a two story building, the first floor containing the kitchen proper, pantries and servants' dining room and the floor above their sleeping and bath rooms.

The north side, which is really the front of the house, contains the main entrance. A huge porte cochere extends across the carriage drive to the doorway, and a series of dormer windows, gables, turrets and galleries gives a very picturesque effect to the sky line.

The interior is not nearly completed. Everything is, however, to be finished within a couple of months. When done the house will have cost about \$100,000. It contains eighty-eight rooms. In the basement are the boiler, pump and laundry rooms, with five immense storage cellars. There are twenty-four rooms on the first floor, thirty-two on the second and twenty-four on the third. The house, from top to bottom, will be finished in natural hard woods.



EAST VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

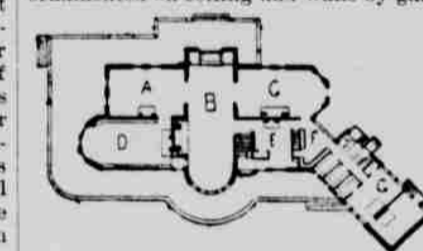
[From a photograph taken especially for this publication.] Entering under the porte cochere the porch floor is reached by a short flight of steps. This is an immense gallery running around the house, 200 feet long and from 12 to 24 feet wide, surrounded by a stone balustrade. The main entrance is through a handsomely tiled vestibule, opening into a hall. The two inner doors are mirrors on their inside panels. On either side is a small room to be used for the accommodation of riding wraps,

rugs and whips. The hall extends the entire depth of the house and is 21 feet wide by 64 feet long. At the further end it is lighted by an enormous bay window with five openings. It is to be finished in quartered white oak wainscoting, paneled and molded and reaching to the lofty ceiling, which is itself to be divided into panels by fifteen hanging beams carved and fluted. These ceiling panels will be of embossed leather in green and gold, finished at the edges with delicately tinted water colors. In the middle on the right side is an open fireplace of marble 15 feet long by 9 feet high—a small room in itself. An ornamental oak frame surrounds the marble facing, carved in a design of fleur de lis, while above the mantel are three ornamental panels of antique carvings. Six handsome torch lamps will light the hall at night.

Just at the entrance on the left, and separated from the hall by sliding doors, is the dining room. This is of considerable size, and sixty or seventy persons can easily find place at the table. It is finished like the hall in quartered white oak, and has a large, open fireplace of marble set in a frame of wrought iron, with mica and gold panels and gilt fleur-de-lis ornaments. Directly opposite across the hall is the parlor, finished in bird's-eye maple and lighted by French windows opening on to the porch. The walls will be covered with embossed paper of two shades of cream. Connected with this room by sliding doors is the library. It is a large chamber 42 by 23 feet, and the walls will be covered with book shelves. At the east end is a huge fireplace, the same size as that in the hall. It is fitted with a hood, supported by six carved and fluted columns. The mantel, which is of marble, is artistically carved with shields and scrolls bearing inscriptions from the Latin poets. Two flying cherubs are perched on each corner of the hood. The walls are to be covered with embossed leather in gold glaze colors.

On the left of the hall, underneath the stairway, is the children's room. This is finished, ceiling and walls, with polished red oak. The marble fireplace has a carved frieze representing cupids at play. The stairway is very wide and will be of quartered white oak with heavy turned balusters. At the head of the stairs on the second floor is an immense guest bedroom directly over the hall and similarly lighted by five windows. The open fireplace is recessed and decorated with tiles. On the west side is another large bedroom of an octagon shape, with connecting dressing and bath rooms.

It is finished in cream colors and the ceiling is frescoed in lines and with corner decorations. The big fireplace has marble facings and has a wrought iron frame with mica panels similar to the one in the dining room. This is to be Mrs. Elkins' chamber. The dressing room is painted entirely in pink tones, ornamented on ceiling and walls by gar-



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.

A. Parlor. B. Large hall. C. Dining room. D. Library. E. Children's room. F. Butler's pantry. G. Servants' quarters.

lands of delicate wild rose. Mrs. Elkins has also reserved for her use another suite of rooms on the opposite side of the house finished in blue and gold. Mr. Elkins' room is done in a French gray, picked out with gold. All the rooms on this floor have large open fireplaces, with mantels nine feet high in the Elizabethan style, with fluted columns and large mirrors.

On the third floor is a large room, 58 by 23 feet, with an octagon ceiling. This is to be used as a gymnasium for the boys, or, if occasion requires, as a ball room. Walls and ceiling are covered with polished red oak in panels, with heavy cornices and moldings. At one end, occupying the entire width of the room, is an immense open fireplace of marble, with a comfortable seat on either side and a rising tier of three shelves above the mantel. On the right of this room is a square recess to be used as a billiard room. Seven bedchambers open on to this ballroom, the ceilings of which are all tinted in different water colors, with wall papers to match.

On one side is a small room leading up to the tower. Half way up is the tank room, containing a water tank with a capacity of 3,600 gallons. The water to supply the house is pumped from the river, three-quarters of a mile away, to a high point in the woods into a 60,000 gallon reservoir, and from there conducted in pipes to the tank in the tower. A spiral staircase lined with beech leads up to the roof of the tower.

The furniture will be made of natural woods to match the finish of the rooms. No carpets will be used.

The kitchen extension is finished throughout in red oak paneling, with the exception of the butler's pantry, which is done in cherry.

HENRY E. ELAND

The Princess of Wales' Gown.

The Princess of Wales, on a recent visit to the Royal Academy at London, was arrayed in a costume that elicited much comment. Here is the description: "She wore a dress of golden brown summer cloth; her skirt, which was long and arrayed with no fullness in front or at the sides and perfectly straight folded at the back, was bordered all round by a narrow line of similar material edged with gold braid. The bodice was outlined in a corresponding way, and the sleeves were almost flat on the shoulders and finished with cuffs of black velvet and gold braid. She wore a bonnet of velvet with satin surfaced foliage and varied harmonious tones of brown. The short velvet strings were fastened with a diamond pin. A long, black, curled feather bos completed the princess' costume."

A SWELL BY CHANCE.

Nine Pittsburg Brothers Work a Novel Scheme to Dress Well.

A very popular member of the department of public safety is noted for the great variety of his wardrobe especially in the matter of hats and neckties, and it has been a source of wonder to his friends how he managed to follow so successfully in the lines laid down by Berry Wall, more especially as his salary, while good, is not extravagant, and he is known to have a horror of running bills, especially tailors' bills.

On Monday evening he dropped into Central station, with a particularly lurid necktie, that put to shame the electric light and made the glittering brass railing in front of the captain's desk somber by comparison. He was asked where he got the object lesson in primary colors, and in a burst of confidence told the following story:

"You see, it's not altogether my fault I'm wearing this necktie. I am of a retiring disposition, and it makes me nervous when I pass a young lady on the street to have her look at this necktie and then stop and listen for thunder. But this is the way it is: There are nine of us boys, and we all live at home. There is little difference in our size, and the same hat, collar or shirt will fit each and every one of us. Now see how it works.

"The first one up in the morning has the choice of nine outfits. From what is comparatively an infinite variety of clothing he can select that which suits him best—and he generally does it. It is a warm, sunny day, and he glances through the clothing clearing house and picks out a light suit, patent leather shoes, a straw hat and a fancy necktie, probably leaving in their place heavy winter wear, all splashed with mud.

"The next to arise will take his choice of the remainder of the clothing, and so on down the list, until the ninth and last gets up. He has no choice. He simply takes what is left. If he has exceptionally good luck he may find a complete suit, but it is exceptional. The probabilities are that each garment represents a different suit of widely separated eras of construction, all more or less in need of repair. We are philosophical, and the last one to arise usually takes an inventory and then goes into dry dock for repairs, or, in other words, goes back to bed while buttons are sewn on and rents are closed.

"After telling you all this it is hardly necessary for me to say that I was the last one of the family to get up this morning. The result is I am wearing baseball shoes, black dress pants, a white vest, lawn tennis shirt, pea jacket and a straw hat. The necktie is all right. I would have overslept myself this morning, but it was so loud it woke me up."

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Pre-Frontal Region of the Brain.

Modern physiologists regard the pre-frontal part of the brain as the seat of character and intellect. After the removal of this part in dogs and monkeys, no paralysis of any muscles or loss of sensibility occurs, but singular changes in the behavior, emotions and character of the animals have been observed. They become livelier, restless, impatient, irritable, quarrelsome and violent. Their movements seem purposeless, and their attention to what is going on around them, and their intelligence, are diminished.

These observations have been confirmed by similar phenomena in the case of human beings. The well known "Crowbar case," described by the American physician Dr. Harlow, is one in point. A young man was busy tamping a bursting charge into a rock with a pointed iron rod, when the charge suddenly exploded and the rod entered his head under the angle of the lower jaw, came out in the frontal region, and was found some distance off covered with blood and brain substance. He became childish, willful, fickle and restless, and suffered loss of intellectual power. Gradually, however, these symptoms disappeared; he recovered and lived for thirteen years. His skull is preserved in Harvard university.—Berlin Cor. London Lancet.

It Was Only an Umbrella.

I sat in the public library the other day. It was raining, and I had left my umbrella in the dripping stand, where there were a dozen others.

A slender, bright eyed, well dressed young man, completely drenched with the rain, entered, and walking deliberately to the rack carefully selected an ivory handled umbrella—mine—and putting it under his arm walked coolly to the door.

I grabbed him by the sleeve, but before I could open my mouth to say a word the stranger, with a pleasant, half condescending smile, pressed the ivory handle into my disengaged hand, and with the most courteous little bow imaginable said:

"Excuse me—yours? It is very pretty indeed."

And with a smile and another charming bow he turned and strolled away, quite unconcerned.

He was the most polite thief I ever saw. I should like to dine with him.—Boston Globe.

Why You Get So Many Circulars.

A Chicago addressing company employs from fifty to sixty-five people. "We can furnish addresses of any class of persons wanted," says the manager; "we have a list of consumptives in the United States that cost \$20,000 to compile, and I am now preparing a list of people suffering from asthma and from rheumatism. We regularly furnish addresses of deaths, births, marriages, etc., to persons who want to send circulars. Our bill for postage was over \$100,000 last year."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nondescript.

Author—After I complete a story I am often at a loss what to call it.

Reader—I experience the same difficulty with your stories. After I have read them I am in doubt whether they ought to be called stories or not.—Yankee Blade.